THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IF the ancients have got the start of us in point of time, it must be granted that we moderns have far exceeded them in almost every other respect. What were their revolutions, massacres, broils, battles, seiges and slaughters, to ours? Why mere children's play. One of their most renowned bullies, Julius Cæsar, as Dean Prideaux calculates, destroyed no more than one million, one hundred and ninety-two thousand persons; whereas we can slaughter as many in one campaign, by regular fighting; without taking into the account those destroyed by private assassinations, famine, and disease, the offspring of distress! a certain proof of our vast superiority. I verily believe, that if the ancients could rise up, and see how far we have outdone them, they would through shame, crawl back again into their urns, and there hide their diminished heads.

Having proved our superiority in shortening poor human life, let me say, that we have done as much towards lengthening it. Our discoveries and improvements in chymistry are such, that Tithonus was but a babe of yesterday, in comparison with our old men and women. Indeed the thread of human life is now rendered so tough and substantial, that in order to snap it, many moderns are obliged to go into the army, or hang themselves. Yes, sir, in the field of invention we stand "superiour and alone." And here I may with due modesty observe, that perhaps your humble servant, meaning myself, may prove to be, if not the first, yet surely among the foremost of all inventors. This sir, is not that predominant figure in French rhetorick called a gasconade, as I hope you will hereafter be ready to confess, but a solid and surprising truth. What old fool of an ancient was it, who, upon some cobweb discovery, ran out of a bath stark naked, like a madman, bawling out Ευρηκα? I would let him know, that there is a vast difference between discovery and invention. In discovery, you have nothing to do but to find out a thing already done: a mighty matter truly. Whereas in invention you do that which was never done before. But as I hate prolixity and egotism, I proceed to state, that I have invented the wondrous and wonderworking art of painting without canvas, colours, brush or pencil: and that I can draw the portrait of a person, whom I never saw; nor do I care in what quarter of the globe he may be found; nor does it matter whether he be fighting or

dancing, singing psalms, or playing cards! And what is equally to my credit, I impart my arcanum to my countrymen without any other fee or reward, save the honour of the invention. My method is this: I begin with examining very minutely a set of old drawings left to me by my ancestors; then I take a steady look through the telescope of Fancy, at the object, which I intend to portray, then I proceed to lay my old drawings under contribution, by borrowing from one perhaps a bust, from a second a leg, and from a third such other parts as are necessary to the completion of my work; and thus by a judicious selection of parts, I compose modern figures in ancient drapery, which gives them a venerable cast: these figures, when finished, may, without fear of damage, be put up in a port folio, and what is still more strange, even the blind derive pleasure from my performance. Could my natural modesty allow me to say more in praise of this my invention, I might add, that although the Abbé de l'Epée has done much for the deaf and the dumb, for me alone it was reserved to communicate to the blind the pleasure and advantage arising from the art of painting.

Now, to give a specimen of my workmanship, I will show you my *great man:* it is taken principally from a *Clodius* by *Cicero:*

Is qui plurimis cædibus in foro factis, singulari virtute et gloria *Cives* domum vi et armis compulit—Is qui collegarum magistratum per seditionem abrogavit—Is qui *Civem* quem populus, quem omnes gentes, urbis ac vitæ Civium conservatorem judicabant *Servorum* armis exterminavit—Is qui regna dedit ademit; orbem terrarum quibuscunque voluit partitus est—Is cui nihil unquam nefas fuit in facinore—Is denique cui jam nulla lex, nullum civile jus, nulli possessionum termini; qui non calumnia litium, non injustis vindiciis ac sacramentis alienos fundos, sed castra exercitu, signis inferendis petit.

Here sir is a minister of state: he limps a little, and looks like an uncowled monk; he also is a great man and a prince:

Hortator Scelerum ———— cui tristia bella,
Iræque Invidiæque, et noxia Crimina cordi.

Be so good sir as to observe my Conservative Senate. Here it is:

Hic quibus invisi fratres, dum vita manebat,
Pulsatusve parens, et fraus innexa Clienti;
Quique ob adulterium noti, quique arma seculi
Impia, nec virili *Dominorum* fallere dextras.

And, lastly, let me show you, the choicest piece of my collection: it is my little prince of B—gh—e. I would not give this miniature for a thousand eagles. Here it is, and I think a master-piece:

Iniquæ mentis asellus.

Should my pieces suit your taste, I will from time to time furnish you with some from my gallery.

APELLES.

POLITICAL SARCASM.

For The Port Folio.

NATIONAL DIFFICULTIES.

The publick are informed, that in satisfaction of the murder (as it has been called) of an American citizen, by a gun fired from a British vessel, the President of the United States issued a very bold and magnanimous proclamation, by which he resolutely put the *vessels* concerned in this bloody transaction under the ban of the empire, and prohibited all manner of intercourse between the American people and these wicked vessels, or the persons who might *afterwards* be on board of them, whether English, French, Turks, or Americans. This was a very philosophical retribution for the death of Pierce, and had the full recommendation of novelty. It was a discovery! and as such received a vote of thanks from our philosophical society, and similar votes are expected from similar societies in Europe. Now it has so happened, that the Driver sloop of war, being one of the vessels prohibited as aforesaid, lately, most audaciously made her appearance in the harbour of Charleston. The poor sloop knew no better, and probably had not a soul on board, who was present at the murder aforesaid—the pride of government—the honour of our soldiers—the dignity of the people, were deeply wounded by this defiance of the President's proclamation; and in vindication of them, the commanding officer at Fort Johnson *wrote a very spirited letter.* This was answered by an epistle from the British commander, which very plainly treated the President as a fool and a savage, the proclamation as an effusion of childish madness, and put not only the com-

mander of Fort Johnson but his august master, and, indeed, the whole posse of the American people at open defiance. This was a hard return to a man, who only meant civilly to assert his nation's honour. But what could the President's officer do? He was furnished with nothing to assert our rights but pen, ink, and paper, and even this was *at his own expense*, and he had discovered, that the Englishman had pen, ink, and paper too, and was not to be intimidated by such weapons. An express, in this emergency, was sent to the seat of government for succour and advice, being but a few hundred miles distance. While the President was consulting his cabinet upon the propriety of calling congress together, to direct him how to get rid of this terrible sloop of war, the British Captain got tired of such baby play, and went about his business.

So far, no doubt, this threatening business came to a conclusion highly honourable to our rulers, and in perfect harmony with the peaceable principles of their administration; for Fort Johnson was not blown up, nor Charleston bombarded, as every body knows they might have been, and no blood was spilt. By the by, I think the city of Charleston should present Captain Love with a crown for his generosity and clemency, and the President with a sword as a hint of his duty on such occasions.

But the trouble was not over—a most embarrassing difficulty arose, the day after the Driver sailed. It so happened, that Captain Kalteisen's servant, as he was cleaning his master's boots and standing sentinel at the same time, discovered something of an unusual appearance floating gently into the harbour. Since the late visit of the Driver, vigilance was highly awakened, and every thing looked at with cautious suspicion. It would be so dishonourable to let any thing come into port, in violation of the President's proclamation. The alarm was immediately given—the officers were brought out to examine the intruding offender. After much consultation, it was agreed, that the floating object was nothing more nor less than the spar of a vessel, and it was instantly conjectured, and then believed, that it *might* have belonged to the murderous and insolent Driver sloop of war. It became, at once, a matter of most serious deliberation to decide whether it was within the President's proclamation, and could be permitted to enter the harbour without a violation of the national honour. It was proposed, at all events, to fire a gun from the fort, as an intimation to the enemy to proceed no further without permission. It was, however, discovered, that not a single gun in the fort was fit for use; and, indeed, a doubt was suggested, whether a load of powder could be expended without an appropriation by congress, or the special direction of the executive. The firing of the gun was, therefore, abandoned, and it was resolved to resort to the proclamation as the most enlightened and safe guide of conduct. It was found to direct as follows:

"I (says the President) do *forever* interdict the entrance of all the harbours and waters of the United States to the said armed *vessels*."

This must mean, in case these vessels should last forever. It appeared clearly to the council of war, as it must to every body else, that the Leander, the Cambrian, and the Driver were the precise and designated objects of executive justice and punishment. The persons on board held but a secondary consideration, inasmuch, as there is no interdiction to be found against them, excepting the Captains. Nay, so polluted, corrupted, and impure were these vessels in the eyes of the President, that they contaminate any person who may ever set a foot on them, while the crews actually on board at the time of the offence became wholly absolved and acquitted the moment they leave the vessel, and may be received, aided, and comforted in the harbours and waters of the United States. This being settled, what, said the council, is the Driver sloop of war? She certainly consists of her hull, masts, sails, rigging, and spars—This also was agreed *nem. con.* The question was then narrowed to this consideration, whether the anathema was intended to be thundered against the Driver sloop of war only collectively and in her character and capacity of a sloop of war, or whether it was to be extended to all and each of the parts of the said sloop, even when separated and asunder? This was a nice question; and, in such an administration as ours, of considerable importance. The words of the proclamation, that lucid expression of wisdom and prudence, were carefully scanned, weighed, considered, and reconsidered. They forgot, like most profound and philosophical disputants, that it was not yet ascertained, that this was a spar of the Driver—But the council took this for granted, and so must we. It was erring, if at all, on the side of vigilance and safety, and would certainly recommend them to the President, who had bestowed such judicious encomiums on the *patriotick* discoverers of Burr's plot—The council well judged, that their exertions and services, on this trying occasion, were equally meritorious and important, and at least as honest and as well meant. The further the council advanced in this discussion, the more were they embarrassed, until, at length, by much talking, the difficulty became inexplicable, and it was resolved to send to the great city, where the great President and his wise ones reside, for advice and instruction.

While endeavours were making to procure an express, for this was no easy matter, where there were no funds to defray the expense, the terrible object of all the bustle approached nearer to the shore, and a discovery was made, which at once settled, or rather changed the question, and seemed distinctly to point out the duty and conduct of the defenders of our coast. By the use of a spy glass it was clearly seen, that on this spar there was crawling about a poor, miserable, half-drowned rat, but still alive, and, in all human reason, directly from on board the Driver. Could they aid and comfort this animal, or permit him to land where he would probably take care of himself at the expense of our country? It was impossible—the words, the intent, the whole object and spirit of the proclamation were decidedly opposed to it.

"If (says the President) the said vessels, or any of them, shall reenter the harbours or waters aforesaid, I do, in that case, forbid all intercourse with the said armed vessels, and the officers and *crew* thereof; and do prohibit all supplies and aid from being furnished them, or any of them."

Now it was observed, that this interdiction was forever, without any limitation of time, change, or circumstance; and, therefore, as long as a plank of the said vessels was to be found fast or floating, its entrance was prohibited into the waters of the United States. And as the interdiction was unlimited, as to time or change, so was it as to the persons or *crew* that might be on board the said vessels ever after. So, that although not a single soul, not even the unfortunate rat, might have been within a thousand miles of Pierce and his murder, they were, nevertheless, the declared enemies of the United States, and to be treated accordingly. It was not doubted, that the rat might, in law, and according to the principles of some philosophers, and certainly within the spirit of the proclamation, be considered as one of the crew of the Driver. The council was resolved the rat should not touch our shore, nor should any person be allowed to have any intercourse with him, or, in any way, to aid or succour him in his extremity.

While the necessary preparations were making for repelling the advancing foe, and a man was sent off *to borrow a boat*, the United States having none, the tide changed, and the spar and the rat, after tossing about in Rebellion Roads, began to take their course outward. This happy riddance excited great joy in Fort Johnson, as our honour was thus saved, and the proclamation obeyed without the necessity of bloodshed, so abhorrent to our pacifick administration. It was, however, observed, that this audacious English rat actually raised his right hind leg, and p——d, or seemed to p——, directly towards Fort Johnson as he went off. This was justly considered, as a defiance to the whole power of the country; but it was thought most prudent not to notice it, as it is the humane policy of our government to do no possible act, which may, in any possible manner, lead to a possible war with any possible thing. The wisdom and discretion of this determination cannot be doubted. In the present state of defence of the United States, an ingenious and resolute rat is no contemptible enemy. In about a month, he could devour and destroy our whole naval and military stores; a month more, with tolerable industry, would suffice for sinking the navy, as it lies rotting in the Potomack only for the admiration of the President's new friends, the Indians. Then should this rat find his way into the palace—what work among the papers! The original draft of the letter to Mazzei drawn forth; a certain correspondence with one Arnold exposed—some philosophical sublimated letters to Mr. Walker on the holiness of friendship and the lawfulness of seduction—the sheets, necessary to fill a chasm in the Life of Washington, brought to light—in short, we might behold nothing but ruin to our country, and dismay in our chief—All this may have been prevented by permitting the rat to take an uninterrupted departure. Thanks to the cool prudence of the commander of Fort Johnson.

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

STORY OF ROSALBA.

From the French of Florian,

THE GALLICK GOLDSMITH.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Every one knows the difficulty of preserving, in an English version, the delicacy and sweetness of the French language. No style possesses more of this *peculiar* delicacy than that of Florian; of course, none is attended with more arduousness in the translation: but if the following offspring of a leisure hour can afford you any pleasure, I shall deem my attention well bestowed, as it has improved myself, while it amuses you. It is Dryden (I think) who observes that a translation should not be so liberal as paraphrase, or so literal as metaphrase; how far I have succeeded in an endeavour to approach this standard, "*judex esto.*"

SALADIN.

Rosalba was born at Palermo of a powerful and illustrious family. Fortune bestowed on her many attrac-

tions, but nature many more. During her infancy, her rising beauty, her grace, her sweetness, and her vivacity, rendered her the idol of her father, The best education, superintended by instructresses the most capable, called into action the admirable talents she had received from heaven. At the age of fourteen, she surpassed all the beauties of Sicily; she understood and recited the language of Racine, of Pope, of Cervantes, and of Gessner. She wrote poetry, but only for the eyes of her father, and a few friends he wished to see it; she chanted the songs of Leo with a voice more touching than that of the famous Faustine; and when she accompanied it with her harp, the prelates and the cardinals, who considered themselves proficients in musick, declared that the angels of heaven could not surpass Rosalba.

To all these attractions and accomplishments the young Rosalba joined a splendid fortune. She was sought after, by the first Lords of Sicily. The old Count of Scanzano, wise enough to know that a brilliant marriage, is not always a happy one, was not seduced by the rank or fortune of his daughter's suitor; he refused to encourage any one, but contented himself with admitting all her admirers to his house, and invited them to the concerts and balls which he frequently gave, leaving Rosalba absolute mistress of her will.

Rosalba was for a long time undecided in her choice. She was born tender, and sanguine, like all Sicilians, but she had scarcely passed her sixteenth year, and her heart had not yet declared for any one. Yet her eyes had remarked the young Duke of Castellamare. A lofty carriage, splendour, a fine figure, vivacity, an illustrious name, and the age of nineteen, gave the duke an advantage over his more learned rivals. Deprived of his parents in infancy, the liberty he possessed of enjoying too much pleasure, might excuse the extravagancies that flowed from youthful impetuosity; besides, these excesses were not known, and the count of Scanzano who had seen him become a candidate for the hand of Rosalba, soon learned with pleasure that he was the favourite of his daughter. He spoke to her of the duke, he bestowed on him the greatest praise and recommended to Rosalba, him who was the object of her own choice.

The marriage was soon concluded. The count of Scanzano celebrated it with the utmost magnificence. The young dutchess appeared at the court of the Vice-Roy, of which she became the brightest ornament; all were in raptures with her charms; every one envied the felicity of the duke. Rosalba entered into every pleasure, which was continually varied and repeated. Young, beautiful, rich, admired, she saw before her one uninterrupted scene of bliss. The bridegroom devoted himself entirely to love; every thing around reminded them of delight, and her old father, in transports of joy, returned thanks to heaven, embraced his son-in-law, admired his daughter, and congratulated himself that he should die, without a misfortune to disturb his happiness.

Six months after the wedding, this felicity was already at an end. The duke seduced by dangerous friends, the corrupters of youth, renewed his indulgence in those pleasure he had *quitted*, not *renounced*. He left his wife to his indignant rivals. At first indeed he laboured to conceal his violations of faith and love; but soon, throwing aside all circumspection he lavished his treasures on the detestable objects of his momentary passions, he published his follies to the world, and seemed to take a pride in the extravagance of vice.

The hapless Rosalba learned all this, from those officious beings, who delight in wounding the feelings of a neglected wife. She loved the duke, and soon perceived the dreadful change; but, indulging her distress only in private and concealing it entirely from observation, she endeavoured to deceive her father and to spare the good old man a shock, that might send him to the grave. Pre-

tending to be happy in his society, and smiling through the grief that almost suffocated her, she excused the frequent absences of the duke when the old Count complained of them; she invented motives and sought for pretexts, to excuse her profound solitude, and to account for her declining health. Her good father gave no credit to them, but feigned belief; he disguised his inquietude and alarms, and both, conquered by an useless delicacy, feared to tell what passed within their souls.

Rosalba had one friend who knew all her secrets. Laura was her most faithful servant. Better acquainted than her mistress with the follies of the duke, Laura had often tried to alienate, or at least diminish the passion of the dutchess, well knowing that her master's love was irrecoverably gone. She had beseeched her to live for herself, her father, and her friends. Rosalba was unable to follow this advice; the desire of love, the sweet satisfaction of blending her duty with her pleasure, the involuntary attachment a young innocent girl feels for the first object of her passion, all inflamed the soul of Rosalba and rendered dear to her, her criminal husband. She looked upon herself as the cause of her distress, she reproached herself for believing that to *be loved* it was only necessary *to love*, and with having neglected since her marriage those accomplishments which, though in her opinion insignificant, often seduced, soothed, and retained, more than the constancy itself, the affections of him they rendered proud. Rosalba took advantage of this, she made use of every secret method of embellishing her charms, she resumed her harp and her songs and often brought tears from her father by singing the beautiful verses of Tasso, or Armida Renaud. Her efforts all were fruitless: her sweetness, her patience, her tender cares, could not affect her inexorable lord. Lost in his shameless errours, passing his days and nights from home and from his dutchess, seeing her but seldom, and knowing her existence only from others, while she refined into perfection the accomplishments that were cultivated for him alone.

Reduced at length to despair, Rosalba sighed for death; and Laura began to fear that grief would indeed destroy her life. "My dear mistress" said she to her one day "since you cannot cure a melancholy passion that is hastening you to the grave, since you have exhausted your spirits to reclaim him that is unworthy of you, and since you have done every thing that love and virtue can do, I entreat you to try other means rather than die. I know an old Jewess, who has been about two years at Palermo, and who is celebrated for her magick arts, particularly for the love powders she makes. Our pretended wits disbelieve and ridicule her wonders, but for my part, thank heaven! I give entire credit to them, for I cannot doubt what I have seen. Do you remember young Lisbette who came to sell you gauze last winter and who appeared to interest you so much? She was as shrewd as she was pretty: she lived with my sister who has told me a thousand times that she was an example of the power of the Jewess. A young nobleman saw her at church, and had the presumption to make love to her. Lisbette would'nt listen to him, sent back all his letters unopened, and avoided by every means in her power, a meeting. The disappointed lover had recourse to the old Jewess; he related his fruitless efforts and made her a handsome present. The enchantress put into his hands a green wax taper with directions to light it whenever he wished to see the object of his desires. I do not know whether he lighted his candle that night, but I know very well that after that time, Lisbette went regularly every evening to the house of her lover, and returned only by the light of day. When my sister discovered this, she was about to reproach her, but poor Lisbette soothed her anger by confessing ingenuously that as soon as she fell asleep, she rose, drest herself by a supernatural impulse, and in spite of herself, walked to the house of the

young lord whom she did not love at all. There, said she, a wax candle burns without being consumed, and extinguishes itself with a loud noise as soon as day appears. I then resume my reason, seem to wake from a terrible dream, and return home full of horrour. You may judge, my dear mistress from this circumstance (which I assure you is completely true) of the force of the Jewess's magick. Why not consult her then? If you would not be known, disguise yourself in my dress; if you are afraid to go to her house, I will engage to bring her to you."

The dutchess heard Laura with a melancholy smile: she rejected her offer, and would not practice a remedy, her reason told her was ridiculous; but reason avails little when opposed to love, and nothing seems fruitless that may possibly contribute to our felicity. Rosalba reflected perpetually on the Jewess, and her fancy naturally warm became once more inflamed with love. Credulous as she was amiable, she paid to the custom of her country, like all Sicilians, the tribute of superstition: she had no other hope, and Laura was continually repeating some new miracle of the sorceress. Rosalbo at length decided, and desired Laura to seek her.

The old woman would appear only at night. She was conducted into a secret chamber, faintly illumined with wax tapers. The dutchess soon appeared accompanied only by Laura. She thought she would have fainted with terrour, on beholding a little figure leaning on a stick of black thorn, and dressed in a red gown tied with a yellow string; on her head which was constantly trembling, an old cap pulled down, but half concealed her grey hairs: a pointed bone covered with shrivelled skin, which had once been a nose, approached another bone like itself, that ages before had served for a chin; her fiery eyes, all over blood shot, were covered with a few white lashes, and two wrinkled cavities pointed out the place where in former times her cheeks had been.

The dutchess after conquering in some degree her fears, addressed the Pythoness, and without attempting to conceal any thing, "I adore my husband" said she throwing away her terrour "and he did love me, yes! I am sure he did love me: he has now abandoned me for objects unworthy of him; if you can restore him, if you can make me what I was,—my gold, my diamonds,—all that I have, shall be yours."

The sorceress hung down her head, contracted her brows, and rubbed her forehead with a withered hand. After a little silence "madam" said she with a hoarse voice "I have medicines whose potency in restoring wandering *lovers*, is infallible, but I know no remedies sufficiently powerful for *husbands*. However last winter I was called upon by a young princess of your own rank; her husband was in love with a Roman opera singer, who was both ugly and old. I tried two powders in vain. Surprised at this want of success, I began to suspect that there were magick arts opposed to mine. Piqued at length at this affair, that defied my power, I introduced myself into the woman's house; I went to the granary and found it closed with triple doors. You will believe I did not want keys to open them. On entering I soon discovered the cause of the failure of my love powders. I observed a beautiful chicken fastened by his neck, his wings, and his feet; he had two pieces of thick leather over his eyes, which entirely deprived him of his sight. I smiled with pity, and seizing the chicken, tore the leather from his eyes, and returned home well satisfied that my desire would now be gratified. Indeed, at the very moment, when I took the bandage from the cock, the husband of the young princess deserted the object of his guilty passion; he beheld her as she was, ugly, old, wretched and perfidious, and viewing his princess beautiful, young, faithful and charming; he returned to her with increasing love.

Today, we are to effect a cure more arduous. You do not pretend to point

out any one in particular who holds the affections of your husband. Since there are so many, my divided enchantments will surely lose their efficacy. But we will not despair; I am mistress of a horrible secret, and if I could but gain possession of two hairs cut by your own hand from a criminal now dead upon a gibbet, I would make sure to you for life, the love of him you adore."

The dutchess shuddered at these words, and dismissed the sorceress; but before she had gone, Laura ran to her and called her back. Rosalba despaired of other means, and vanquished at last by the perseverance of the Jewess, who persisted in declaring, that this was the only infallible remedy, Rosalba anxiously inquired how she could obtain these horrible hairs. "Listen," said the sorceress.

"At the distance of half a league from Palermo, on the road to Corlione, is a small chapel surrounded by a deep ditch; a wooden bridge leads to the chapel, about which, low down, is a stone ledge half a foot in breadth. Underneath this ledge are suspended against the wall, the bodies of criminals executed at Palermo. They remain there until they fall into the ditch, which becomes a sepulchre for their bones. If you have courage, or rather, if you have love enough to go to this chapel at midnight, alone, place yourself on the stone ledge, and with your left hand cut the hair from the body nearest to you, I will answer for the rest: but remember, no one accompanies you—*you must go alone, and at midnight.*"

Rosalba was pensive for a few moments, then, seizing with violence the hand of the old Jewess, she exclaimed, "I will go!" Eleven o'clock struck. Rosalba, anxious to be gone, called for her cloak: Laura trembled as she reached it. She took a dark lantern, armed herself with a poinard and her scissors, ordered the enchantress to prevent Laura from following, and, escaping through a garden gate, she went through the town. She soon was on the road to Corlione, and found herself in the country, alone, in midnight darkness, walking with a firm and rapid pace, and expelling every thought but that of her husband.

She arrived—she beheld the chapel; a tremor seized every limb; yet without pausing she sought by the light of her lantern to find the passage over the wooden bridge. She discovered it—walked on and coming near the stone ledge, she stooped to look for it, by the glimmering of her expiring taper. This ledge was scarcely half a foot wide, considerably sloped, and inclined towards the ditch: the dutchess held out the lantern, and casting a look down the precipice, discerned at the distance of twenty toises, white mouldering bones.

Rosalba almost fainting, now reanimated herself, made one great effort and placed her foot on the narrow ledge: at the next step, she slipped; she reached out her hand, intending to take hold of the wall; she encountered the leg of one of the gibbetted bodies—she seized it, and made it her support: then taking the lantern from her left hand, and putting her scissors in that, which held the leg, she fearfully raised herself and endeavoured to reach the head to cut off the wished for hairs.

While thus horribly employed, a carriage and six horses passed along the great road. In the coach was a young man with two opera girls whom he was taking to his country seat. He perceived from the road, a glimmering light and a woman, who seemed to be taking a body from the gibbet. Filled with fear and horrour the young man concluded, that the woman was a sorceress, engaged in some of her evil deeds. He stopped the horses and getting out of his carriage advanced towards the place. Superstitious even in the midst of crimes, he called with a voice of thunder "infamous witch! leave the dead in peace, or fear the living; tremble, least I tear away your horrid booty, and deliver your person to the holy inquisition."

How astonished was the dutchess at these words! It was the voice of her husband! in her terrour and surprise

she had lost the lantern, which fell, rolled along the ditch and was extinguished; whilst Rosalba, in utter darkness, continued to be supported by the dead body—almost breathless, and fearful lest her strength should entirely fail.

The duke repeated his threats while he was crossing the bridge: and Rosalba forced to speak, cried, with a faint and feeble voice "stop! stop! I intended no crime; my God and my heart are my witnesses. Do not destroy a wretch that merits only your pity, Come! oh! come to my assistance if you would save me from falling down the precipice!"

At these words, on hearing this voice the duke knew his wife: he uttered a deep groan: and calling out, endeavoured to encourage her; he even used expressions of love, which the danger of Rosalba elicited from him. He approached and taking her in his arms, bore her insensible, to the coach. He hurried out his former companions—flew towards the city, and frozen with horrour and surprise arrived at his palace before Rosalba had recovered her senses.

Laura seeing her mistress senseless in the arms of her husband filled the air with her lamentations: she shook her to restore her life; while the half frantick duke could not believe what he saw; he endeavoured in vain to comprehend it and demanded of every one an explanation. The old woman thus addressed him with a serious air:

"Insensible and cruel man! fall on your knees before your wife; adore that divine model of amiable and constant hearts. Never did lover, never did husband receive a mark of affection more lively, more striking, or more forcible than this given to you, today. Learn, perfidious man! learn what Rosalba has done for you; blush for having reduced her to the necessity, and devote the whole of your future life to compensate her for the sacrifice she has this moment made."

The Jewess proceeded to relate her conversation with the dutchess, and the horrible proof of love she had exacted from her. The duke did not suffer the old woman to conclude; he threw himself at the feet of his wife and shed tears of admiration, of tenderness, and of repentance; he swore he would atone by everlasting fidelity for the faults he abhorred; and he implored her forgiveness while he acknowledged his own unworthiness. The tender Rosalba raised him with a smile. She pressed him to her heart and bathed his cheeks with tears of ecstasy, and they united in returning thanks to heaven for the felicity they enjoyed.

From this moment the young Castellamare abandoned the companions who had not entirely corrupted him; happy in an enjoyment he never knew before, gained by virtue, pure affection and tranquillity of soul. Castellamare continually increasing in the love of Rosalba passed his unclouded days in the society of his adored wife, his lovely children, and the good old Scanzano. The Jewess enriched by the gifts that had been lavished on her by the dutchess, renounced by her advice, her dangerous profession. She has often been heard to declare, that when she proposed to Rosalba a visit to the chapel, she knew that the duke always passed by at midnight; and perhaps had calculated on the effects of a meeting there; but this does not sully her glory, and should not diminish the faith we owe to the ability of enchantresses.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 391.)

And they that are most galled with my folly
They most must laugh. SHAKSPEARE.

There appears to be a constant effort in the human mind to elevate itself above its true and proper standard. We are extremely fond of appreciating our own talents and condition in life to the world, and generally set a tolerably high value upon each. The Man of Learning is desirous of being thought wiser, the man of fortune richer, and the great man greater, than he really is. This species of vanity increases in proportion to what

is wanting to make a man satisfied with himself; the dashing tradesman is fond of being called Esquire, the apothecary Doctor, and Mrs. Mangle the laundress, would be extremely offended with her customers' servants, if they did not entitle her Ma'am.

This desire of appearing to stand an inch or two higher in the world than is really the case, is mostly observable among the lower classes; for as to any *deficit* in talent or merit among upper people, it is scarcely worthy of mention, being so admirably supplied by the usual succedaneums of rank or riches; the scrutiny ends as soon as the object of our inquiry is known to be of title or condition; and the same man who holds a contemptuous superiority over the next inferiour, bows with infinite complaisance to the blockhead whom chance has placed above him.

The chief reason why we so seldom find character, talents, or fortune duly appreciated, is, that we judge rather from accidental circumstances than from a candid examination of facts. This species of sophism logicians call *fallacia accidentis*, where we pronounce concerning the nature and essential properties of any subject, according to something which is merely accidental to it; thus we decide, that the well-dressed man is a person of condition, the man in the big wig a prodigy of learning, and the walking physician a fellow of no merit at all. It is by the strength of this sophism, that we acquire an utter aversion to the canine race, because we knew an instance of a dog having gone mad; and that we cannot bear the name of laudanum because Betty Bluestocking almost killed herself by taking an ounce phial-full, in a fit of despair, occasioned by her lover's not meeting her to take a walk on a Whitsunday. It is from the same species of vanity that the vulgar make their cousin the attorney a counseller, their old friend the lieutenant a captain, and their neighbour the country esquire, who has the good luck to possess fifteen hundred per annum, to be worth at least double the sum. The ingenuity of the artful involves us still more in these errours of judgment; as they are constantly establishing false propositions, to confound and dazzle the weak and credulous.

Taking the common conclusions of men, upon the appearances of dress, equipage, and manners, it is a wonder that they are not oftener deceived; when they are, it is a just punishment that they meet for the judgments which they sometimes too hastily form against the modest and humble.

Let a man go forth on his journey through life without the accidental acquirements, ornaments, or decorations of rank or riches, in a plain unfashionable coat; and though his face expressed the noblest characters of genius and worth ever described by a Lavater, it is a hundred to one that not a single creature would find it out.

From the above reasoning it appears, that how ever easy it may be at times to set *ourselves* off to advantage, it is much easier to depreciate *ourselves* whenever we choose. To be sure, the latter species of vanity is but rarely found, and is harmless enough in its consequences; yet, having no better principle than deception, it is not altogether without blame. There is, however, a secret satisfaction in laughing at the *important crowd;* and no man can do this more effectually than he who, from divers circumstances, contingencies, and vicissitudes, has laid up a store of that kind of knowledge which may be justly called *materia experientia:* in short, that he who has been upon almost every step of the ladder of life, up and down alternately, without getting much of a fall.

Perhaps few people could be better qualified in this respect than myself. I had received a tolerable education, had been several years in the sea service, had studied the law, was a bit of an authour, something of a painter, and knew a little of what is called the world. With this stock in trade for carrying on the business of philosophy, I arose one fine summer's morning in the month of July, full of gayety and good humour, directed my

steps towards Billingsgate, went in a wherry on board the Margate pacquet, and took my place among the other passengers.

The first object that attracted my notice in the vessel was, naturally enough, the man at the helm, whose hard inflexible features set the whole science of physiognomy at defiance. Next to the helmsman, in the place of preeminence, was seated a little genteel woman, reading the tale of Paul and Virginia; and on her right hand a corpulent dame, in whose round red face you might discover ignorance and happiness blended together. On the opposite seat was a lady of a very different description, who assumed an air of infinite superiority over the rest; she was dressed in white muslin, and seldom deigned to look at the people round her; and for her, the beauty of the rising sun, and the delightful landscape of the Kentish hills, had no charms. She was going to Margate to see the fine people, and to say that she had been there. A thin pale-faced gentleman, with a well-powdered head, and most unmeaning face, was placed next her, who, I afterwards found, was her husband. The rest of the company consisted of a young man of important air, dressed in a green coat and hussar boots; a little bustling gentleman in black, who had his share of consequence also; and a lieutenant in the navy; who, together with a plain dressed old man, that took no notice of any body, made up the group.

As soon as I stepped upon deck, I made my *debut* by entreating the ladies to take care of *the lines* and *pullies;* which caution obtained me, exactly what I expected, a contemptuous sneer from the boatman, and a broad satirical grin from the lieutenant. I was, however, determined to establish in their minds the opinion that I justly conceived they had formed, by saying I should go *down stairs*, for fear I should catch cold from the morning air.

At my return on deck, I seated myself next the fat lady with the good-humoured face, who, by the by, was the only one that gave me the least encouragement. I told her, I was afraid that I should be sea-sick, and recommended her to taste a drop of brandy, which I produced in a small bottle from my pocket. I next offered the inspiring fluid to the lady opposite, who rejected it with a look of ineffable scorn. By this time, however, the fat lady's tongue went, as seamen call it, at the rate of eleven knots an hour. She told me about her son Jacky, who was gone abroad, and who she was afraid *she should never see no more;* that she had been very bad with the *rheumatise;* that it was a terrible thing, for all the *sinners* were drawn up, and that she was going to Margate to bathe. My good tempered companion then inquired the names of the sails, yards, and rigging, on all which points I answered with appropriate ignorance. I now completed my character, by desiring the master to stop the ship for a boat that I saw making towards us, and by calling a West Indiaman lying at Long Reach a seventy-four gun man of war. This effectually answered my design: the lieutenant whispered the boatman, that I was some lubber of a man-milliner; and asked me, significantly, how long it was since I had last weathered the point off Bond-street.

The company had now descended to partake of the refreshment they had respectively provided; and here I was admitted by producing some cold ham and chicken. I now addressed myself particularly to the lady in the white muslin, by observing, that I shouldn't like to be a sailor; and that I thought it a much pleasanter thing to be serving customers behind a counter, than in a storm at sea. The *counter* proposition answered completely; the lady shrunk like the sensitive plant, turned up her nose, muttered some indistinct syllables, and scornfully averted her head. The important gentleman in the green coat joined conversation with the other important gentleman in black; and my last attempt was with the sentimental lady, of whom I inquired,

whether she had ever read Jack the Giant Killer.

I now began to find, that I had got to low water mark, and resolved in my own mind to turn the tide of opinion. Luckily, as soon as we had reascended the deck, an opportunity offered: the fat lady happened to ask the name of the main-sheet, which works the main-boom, to the great annoyance of the genteel passengers of a hoy. I answered, with an appearance of great sagacity, that it was the *jigger tackle*. I had intended to raise myself up *by degrees* into estimation, but the *jigger tackle* did the business at once; the boatman gave me a leer and a wink; the lieutenant, after consulting my face with some attention, took me by the hand, "I say, shipmate, none of your tricks upon old travellers. I say what ship?" To this I answer'd, "The Merrydon of Dover, the largest man of war in the service. Don't you remember that a frigate sailed into one of her portholes at Torbay, and was kicked overboard by Tom Tightfoot, the boatswain, who happened at the time to be dancing a hornpipe?" This joke was a good trap for applause; the lieutenant handed me some bottled porter, and the boatman honoured me with a grin of approbation.

We had got some way beyond Gravesend, when I discovered a new character in the hoy; this was a tall thin man, in a black coat and tie wig, stooping over the side of the vessel, drawing up buckets of sea water one after another, and industriously examining the contents with a microscope. I thought this a good opportunity, and putting on a learned face, inquired if he was not seeking for animalculi; to which he politely replied, "Yes;" and that it was a question among the learned, whether the luminous appearance of sea water at night was occasioned by numerous animalculi. or the viscous spawn of fish. In this conversation the gentleman in the plain coat joined, whom I found to be a very intelligent man. One subject introduced another, and we discoursed successively upon natural philosophy, ethicks, jurisprudence, and theology; in the course of which investigation, I took care to introduce some passages from the ancient authours. The sentimental lady stared with astonishment: the consequential lady ventured a look, but (I imagine, upon summing up my dress, the counter, and other circumstances) relapsed into her former reserve: her husband, however, ventured to speak, and, upon my mentioning Tully, asked whether I did not mean Mr. Tully, the cheesemonger, in Carnaby Market?

We had now arrived at the Pier of Margate, when an old acquaintance came on board, and welcomed my arrival, in the hearing of the consequential lady, in the following way: "My dear George, your old friends Colonel Morgan and Lady Maxwell are here; they have just sat down to dinner, and we will join them." His servant was ordered to take my trunk, and a blush of conscious shame overspread the cheek of the lady in white muslin. By this time, I had discovered the different conditions in life of my fellow passengers:

Mr. Vacant, a grocer near the Haymarket.

Mrs. Vacant, the lady in the white muslin.

Miss Williams, the sentimental lady, a teacher at a school.

Lieut. Windlass, a navy officer.

Mrs. Pumpkin, the fat lady, a market gardener's wife.

Mr. Frizzle, the important gentleman in green, a hair-dresser.

Dr. Vitriol, the searcher for animalculi, a great naturalist, chymist, philosopher, and authour.

The important gentleman in black, an attorney.

The gentleman in brown, *non descript*.

Being about to take my leave, Dr. Vitriol gave me a card to attend his lectures on chymistry; the lieutenant shook me by the hand; the boatman styled me, "Your Honour;" the gardener's wife gave me a low courtesy; and the lady in the white muslin favoured me with a most graceful bow; upon which I addressed them nearly

as follows: "My good friends, don't be displeased if I have amused myself a little at your expense. I would have you know, that wherever we travel we should endeavour to be pleased with one another. All have not the same endowments of mind or fortune; but what is wanting of one quality is perhaps supplied by another; and reciprocal advantages and comforts are created from the variety of characters and conditions which Providence has thrown together in life. In a hoy, therefore, as well as any where else, we should bring forward our best talents and dispositions, be they what they may, like our provisions, into the common stock; there would then be something to please all palates; by which means we should make our passage pleasant, and our meeting together a feast of good humour and instruction."

As I walked along the pier, I meditated on the occurrences of my little voyage; nor did I feel thoroughly satisfied with myself. Good nature and urbanity checked my exultation, and whispered, "Away with you! you are rightly served; henceforth appear in your true character, and try to make it as valuable to your fellow-passengers as you can. Increase the stock of plain honesty, and throw away the dregs of pride and folly; you may appear in what character you choose to the world, but will never be able to impose on the judge within your own own breast."

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

From that classical and truly independent Journal, The Providence Gazette, which is one of the best politico-literary papers in America, we copy, with delight, the following article. On the subject of Mr. Selfridge, we have already spoken with emphasis; from the impulse of a generous friendship, and from the dictates of the clearest conviction. Of the *place**, where a factious, seditious, and rebellious mob, without animadversion and without punishment, bullied and overawed a court of justice, riotously disturbed the publick peace, and ferociously menaced domestick tranquillity, we shall soon speak with indignation. We are patiently waiting for some additional evidence, and carefully collectingall the facts.

These things fully and fairly accomplished, *Boston* shall have *justice* done to her, though she fail to do justice to others.

The signs of the present times are truly alarming. Every Goshawk now feels himself an Eagle—and thinks himself competent to decide, peremptorily, on all questions which are brought before a court of justice; nay, *to arraign and condemn the decisions of those courts.* The affair of Mr. SELFRIDGE, in Boston, has been made a party business—and because he was acquitted, *after a most solemn and impartial trial*, his political adversaries have taken upon them to condemn the constitutional authority which administers the law, and *the laws themselves* —Indeed one jacobin goes so far as to tell us, that *the people* will not much longer *submit* to such laws. The laws of

* On this occasion, a criminal supineness, or a *despicable timidity* was conspicuous. The *rabble* raged, but Justice was, indeed, blind, and the press a mute. In consequence of some provocation, which we do not remember, Mr. Cobbett alluding to the timid and abject spirit of † *some* in the capital of New England, once branded them with the disgraceful appellation of the Boston *slaves*. Of this ignominy we will not partake; no, not in *the worst of times.* The Editor of The Port Folio had the fortune or the misfortune to be born in Boston. But as his ancestors were men of honour and spirit, they left him these qualities as a legacy. They form his inheritance, and therefore he is nothing like a slave. Pledged to no party, asking no advice, and receiving no lessons, he is in subservience to nothing but reason and truth. The conducter of a publick Journal should be a *free, sovereign* and *independent* man. He ought not to be blown about by the popular gale, nor suffer, no not for a moment, *considerations of gain* or *convenience* to change him to a "creeping thing." Careless of consequences, magnanimous, and yet prudent, *consistent*, and yet adventurous, he should always speak the truth *with all boldness, nothing doubting.* Without inquiring *who is pleased*, or *who is displeased*, a CAVALIER Editor must feel nothing so ardently, as

> ——— an honest zeal
> To rouse the watchman of the publick weal.

† There are honourable exceptions. The Editor of the Repertory is a gallant Editor, he has a tongue of boldness, the pen of a scribe, and a heart of honour. We feel great pleasure in commending Dr. Park a man of genius, a man of spirit, and a man of principle.

England, and the laws of this country, say, that *no man shall be tried twice for the same offence*—but it might be supposed that the jacobins, by all this clamour, expect to bring Mr. Selfridge to a new trial, before a jury *packed by themselves*. Such a proceeding as this would not be any way inconsistent with their principles and practices. We learn that one of the jacobin judges in Pennsylvania, has passed *two or three different sentences* on a person for the *same offence*. We learn, moreover, that the good republican citizens of Nashville, in Tennessee, have hanged an African, *absque judicio*, who was guilty of a barbarous and horrible crime. But neither his being black nor the magnitude of his offence, will justify *hanging* him, otherwise than by *due course of law*; for if the practice of executing summary justice on the blacks is given into, the transition is easy from *blacks* to *whites*. It lately happened, that a white man was taken up for horse-stealing at Savannah. The owner of the horse deliberately loaded his rifle, and shot the thief through the body. The murderer carries on his business in Savannah, and has never been called to account for this execrable deed. These examples show, that the jacobins, like their prototype Robespierre, are zealous for the liberty of practising summary justice *themselves*—and, right or wrong, they would consign their political adversaries to the gibbet. But let these *blood-hounds* desist from their attempts to bring into disrepute and contempt the constituted authorities of their country—and let them respect the unalterable decision of *one of the most respectable courts in the Union*, instead of torturing *law* and *gospel* to make them the vehicles of their rancorous malice. *If the yeomanry can be duped a few years longer*, to put the power and revenues of the country into the hands of the jacobins, we have every reason to fear, that both *life* and *property* will be on a very precarious footing.

—

In the Boston Repertory, which is decidedly the first federal paper in America, is an extract from the life of My Lord Bacon, which is applied, with great accuracy, to the timid character of the Chief Magistrate of a majority of *cowards*.

That a republican president should strongly resemble a very corrupt king, is not so impossible as would seem by the terms. Let us compare Mr. Jefferson's administration and the reign of James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England. No person can read the following extracts from the life of Lord Bacon, prefixed to his works, without admiring the points of coincidence. Speaking of King James, the writer says—

The whole sum of his politicks was to distaste and alienate his subjects at home; to dishonour both himself and them abroad. It was a reign of embassies and negociations, alike fruitless and expensive; a reign of favourites and *proclamations*, of idle amusements and arbitrary impositions. It was, besides, the great era of flattery. The arts of governing a kingdom in peace, he either did not or would not understand; and his horrour for war was constitutional and ungovernable. He had been told, that England was neither to be exhausted nor provoked: and his actions showed, that he believed so according to the letter. The truth is, that as Pusillanimity will talk bigger, on all occasions, than true valour on any, he aimed at appearing formidable, that it might not be seen how much he was afraid. His favourite maxim was, that he who knows not how to dissemble knows not how to reign; but he seems not to have heard of a second maxim, without which, the first cannot be successful, even for a time: to conceal every appearance of cunning, and to deceive under the guise of candour and good faith. He, on the contrary, showed his whole game, to his subjects and to foreigners alike; so that in his attempt upon the former, in his negociations with the latter, this Solomon was the only dupe. A great share of learning he certainly had, but of learning that a king ought not to be acquainted with; the very refuse of the schools, which serve for little else but to furnish him with an impertinent fluency, on every subject, and he indulged himself in the sovereign pedantry of setting it to show on every occasion On all these occasions he was extolled, without measure, by the most pestilent of flatterers."

Never was picture more correct than this of the "greatest man in America."

In an animated epistle, a federal friend thus deprecates the prevalence of the mad politicks of the day.

In our country, in general, and certainly in that quarter, whence I address you, there seems to exist an indifference upon publick and literary concerns, which is truly astonishing This undoubtedly arises from the hopelessness of ameliorating our systems, or giving them even that degree of energy, of which their frail and rickety existence is susceptible. These d—d neutral rights, which are, of late, so much talked of, and so little understood, will, in all probability, involve us in a war with the only nation, which for the last twelve years, has stood between us and destruction. A weak, abject, popularity-seeking administration, having neither the prudence to avoid, nor the spirit to encounter difficulties, has had the pitiful address to array the prejudices of the mariner, the cupidity of the merchant, the honest antipathies of the ignorant, and the rapacious spirit of the unprincipled against the integrity of a *just right*, claimed by Great Britain. Our chimerical *neutral* claim could never have been set up, but by men, who cherished a deep rooted hatred to one nation, and who were governed by a servile submission to another. Men, who *float upon the surface of the occasion*, who are afflicted with mental weakness, or who are warped by moral obliquity, seem not only to be incapable of reasoning themselves, but incapable of receiving any just impression, from the reasoning of others.

MERRIMENT.

An Irishman meeting an acquaintance, thus accosted him: "Ah! my dear, who do you think I have just been speaking to? Your old friend Patrick; fait, and he is grown so thin, I hardly knew him; to be sure, *you* are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

A Frenchman being in company at a tea-drinking party, did not observe that it was customary to put the spoon into the tea-cup when any body had drank enough; and the mistress of the house imagining he was fond of tea, by the omission, sent him cup after cup, till he had drank above a dozen dishes of tea, which he, with the politeness so peculiar to his countrymen, could not refuse. At length, however, seeing the servant approach with more, he rose, and exclaimed, "*Helas, Madame, j'ai bu quatorze, et je n'en puis plus.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The authour of the Political Sarcasm, to which, for its elegant and pungent satire, we have assigned a conspicuous place in this day's Port Folio, is very earnestly and respectfully requested to be liberal of communications of such a character. With his great and splendid abilities, with his knowledge of the temper of the times, and with his peculiar powers of wit and argumentation, he is eminently qualified to instruct, and, perhaps, to convince and reform the deluded portion of the American people. In the intervals of leisure, which he can find, or make, amid the various cares of a NOBLE PROFESSION, to which he dedicates his genius and industry, with high honour to himself and signal benefit to others, let him sometimes sit at the political desk, and give his speculations to his country.

"SALADIN" is a very agreeable essayist, and today he has shown himself an adroit translator. His version of Florian's interesting romance of Rosalba will be perused with pleasure. But we shall be peculiarly gratified to receive his *original* communications.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

To Miss S——n W——d.

In the manner of Jacobi.

Have you seen the love of May,
  Her dewy lip adorning,
Glow awhile with sweetest ray,
  And droop amid the morning?
    That ROSE, so perishing and fair,
    Has a likeness every where.
Did dreams of hope your couch entwine,
  Infant joys carressing,
Soft as mothers' eyes recline
  Upon the laugh they're blessing?
    The vision once so warm and bright
    Was rudely wak'd, and oh, twas night!
Love'd forms of faded hours,
  Did you see them bleeding—
Did they quit their bosom bowers,

Fall of night unheeding?
Scarce could Hope with wintry smile
Sinking Memory's cries beguile.
Where's the mantling life stream fled?
O'er its desert traces
Was the hanging lily shed,
That every tinge effaces?
No dimpling charms their new lights play,
And claim their minstrel's votive lay.

H. L.

For The Port Folio

ON READING GAY'S "PAINTER, WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERY BODY."

That flattery in the painters' art
Can sway the mind or touch the heart,
Was Gay's opinion—or he drew
His portrait only for a few.
Vain task to flatter! who can do it?
I never heard of one, nor knew it—
For, he who would be generous must,
Ere this, endeavour to be just;
Must catch the eyes' irradiate fire
Which life and sentiment inspire.
The speaking mouth, whose varied grace
Extends its magick o'er the face,
In paint is motionless—nor can
In aught full justice come from man!
Yet grant some partial flattery might,
Perchance, afford the vain delight;
'Twere just for each omitted grace
Some spot or blemish to efface,
And balance the account—then view,
The piece as robb'd of half its due!
No one loves flattery, but all
For some small mark of deference call;
Good will at least, that fain would tell
Of virtues, not on errours dwell.
Each object has its shade; then mark
How mad to view it in the dark—
Go to the fairest side, there gaze
On form and features in amaze!
Can flattery then, the path scarce trod,
Equal the noblest work of God?

R. P.

For The Port Folio.

ADDRESSED TO CARA.

Soon as Aurora wakes the day
Across the dewy fields I stray;
I see the ruddy streaks of light
Disperse the sullen gloom of night;
I hear the birds on every thorn
With musick wild, salute the morn:
But morning has no charms for me,
Dear Cara, when away from thee!

When Night in awful silence reigns,
And spreads her mantle o'er the plains,
I wander o'er the sloping green,
Where Minim's father's ghost was seen,
Myself, amid the murky gloom,
Like some lone spirit from the tomb!
But Night has lost her charms for me,
Dear, Cara, when away from thee!

My Horace now, no longer read,
Sleeps on the table near my head;
My Lucian too neglected lies,
A helpless prey to dust and flies;
Romantick tales and witty plays
Are undisturbed these many days:
For books have lost their charms for me
Unless the books were read with thee!

On Helicon's delightful mount,
Assembled round the sacred fount,
Apollo and the Muses were,
They bade me come and join them there,
They showed to me a laurel crown,
But sorrow kept my spirit down!
The Muses have no charms for me,
Unless they tune their lays to thee!

ANNIUS.

For The Port Folio.

TO MR. G. STUART,

On sitting to Mr. Peale for his Portrait.

Tho' thy fame, like a current, extended its force,
No less pure though still deeper and wider its course:
Yet a debt still remained to futurity due,
As thy name fill'd the ear, that thy form should the view—
Now 'tis done—and each lover of nature and art
Will forever revere what so reigns in his heart;
Nor shall Fame its proportion to PEALE e'er deny,
For united with STUART's it never can die.

EPITAPHS.

On a Sexton.

I that had carried a hundred bodies brave,
Was carried by a fever to my grave:
I carried and was carried, so that's even;
May I be porter to the gates of heaven.

On Dr. Fuller.

Here lies *Fuller's earth.*

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